

PROGRAM # 7

REVISED SCRIPT

As Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1947

NBC

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

ATX01 031019B

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

November 16, 1947

OPENING COMMERCIAL

LAING: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM - presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

LAING: An outstanding example - Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts and -
first, last, always Lucky Strike means fine
tobacco.

BOONE: (CHANT .. 57 to 59 .. AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS THE MAN WHO KNOWS!
Mr. James Talley, independent tobacco warehouseman
of Durham, North Carolina, has spent a lifetime
in the tobacco business. Recently he said;

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen fine tobacco bought
by the makers of Lucky Strike Yes! Fine
tobacco full of flavor, ripe and mild. I've smoked
Luckies myself for 18 years.

LAING: At auction after auction, independent tobacco
experts like Mr. Talley can see the makers of
Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that
fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.
Remember.....

(MORE)

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NOVEMBER 16, 1947

OPENING COMMERCIAL - (CONT'D)

RUYSDAEL: IS - MFT
IS - MFT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco
means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.
So - smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky
Strike.

RUYSDAEL: Yes - next time you buy cigarettes, ask for Lucky
Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so
free and easy on the draw..

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS WHERE WE FIND ROCHESTER TIDYING UP JACK'S DEN.

(SOUND: LIGHT DUSTING NOISES)

ROCH:MMM MMM...IT'S SURE MESSY IN HERE....I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE BOSS SAVES ALL THESE THINGS...HE'S SURE SENTIMENTAL...*Look, what it says:* LOOK AT THIS--A PROGRAM FROM HIS FIRST VAUDEVILLE APPEARANCE...*up* (CLEARS THROAT AND READS) "THE PALACE THEATRE PROUDLY PRESENTS THAT NEW VIOLIN VIRTUOSO, JACK BENNY...AND SPECIAL ADDED ATTRACTION, THAT SENSATIONAL NEW INVENTION, THE MAGIC LANTERN".....WELL, I BETTER PUT THESE PICTURES AWAY AND...OH-OH, WHAT'S THIS.. A BUNCH OF ~~REDACTED~~ PINK ENVELOPES TIED WITH A BLUE SATIN RIBBON...(SNIFFS TWICE) SMELL THAT PERFUME...THESE MUST BE SOME OF MR. BENNY'S OLD LOVE LETTERS...I'M GOING TO OPEN *up* ONE AND READ IT...

(SOUND: ENVELOPE BEING TORN OPEN)

ROCH: ...WELL, I'LL BE DARNED, CANCELLED CHECKS.....HEE HEE HEE HEE...THOSE ARE LOVE LETTERS TO HIM.....SAY...HERE'S SOMETHING THE BOSS MUST HAVE MISLAID..IT'S A LETTER FROM THE DOCTOR WHO EXAMINED HIM AND IT ISN'T OPEN...I BETTER TAKE IT TO HIM.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

MARG: (FILTER) But John...John, without you, life isn't worth living.

ROCH: SAY, MR. BENNY, I FOUND THIS--

JACK: Quiet Rochester..I'm listening.

MARG: (FILTER) JOHN, OH JOHN, HOW CAN YOU WALK OUT ON ME AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN TO EACH OTHER?

ELLIOT: (FILTER) I'M SORRY, AGNES, BUT MARRIAGE ISN'T FOR US!...IT JUST WOULDN'T WORK.

MARG: IT SERVES ME RIGHT. I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO MY FATHER.

ELLIOT: YOUR FATHER, YOUR FATHER, IF HE HAD KEPT HIS NOSE OUT OF IT, THINGS MIGHT HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT.

MARG: OH, THEY WOULD, EH? WELL, IF I NEVER SEE YOUR FACE AGAIN, IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT WITH ME. GOODBYE.

ELLIOT: THAT SUITS ME FINE. GOODBYE.

(SOUND: LOUD RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Gee, this party line is better than a radio...No commercials.

(SOUND: NORMAL RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Now what do you want, Rochester?

MEL: (TWO SQUAWKS AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Quiet, Polly...What is it, Rochester?

ROCH: I FOUND THIS LETTER FROM YOUR DOCTOR..

JACK: Read it to me,..I haven't got my glasses.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: ENVELOPE TORN OPEN.)

ROCH: IT SAYS...."THE RESULTS OF OUR EXAMINATION SHOW THE FOLLOWING...YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE IS NORMAL...YOUR HEART PERFECT...YOUR LUNGS CLEAR...YOUR BLOOD COUNT AVERAGE AND YOU'RE IN PERFECT CONDITION...(PAUSE) HMM, THE DOCTOR MUST HAVE SENT YOU THIS BY MISTAKE.

JACK: Nonsense, Rochester...I feel wonderful...there's no mistake...
Read on.

ROCH: Yes sir...Now where was I..Oh yes.. "YOU'RE IN PERFECT
CONDITION. I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU AND HOPE IT'S A BOY."

JACK: What?!

ROCH: SIT DOWN BOSS AND LET ME GET YOU SOME MILK.

JACK: Now cut that out!

MEL: (SQUAWK..THEN SINGS) M IS FOR THE MILLION THINGS SHE GAVE ME-

JACK: You can shut up too, Polly...Rochester, let me see that
report.

(SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER)

JACK: You see...there...it was sent to the wrong address...

(SIGHS WITH RELIEF) WHEW!...Rochester, stop holding my
hand, I'm all right...

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll get it...you finish cleaning the den..

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, hello Mary.

MARY: Hello, Jack.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Gee, Mary...it's good to see you again...Everybody missed
you last week.

MARY: Well, it was nice of you to let me go back to Plainfield
for Mama and Papa's fortieth anniversary.

MEL: Anniversary, Anniversary. (SQUAWKS)

MARY: Hello Polly.

POLLY: Well, Hello YOU! (TWO TONED WHISTLE)

JACK: (Poor Polly, she doesn't know she's a girl)...How was the anniversary party, Mary?

MARY: Oh wonderful, Jack..everybody was there..First Uncle Lew got up and made a speech; then cousin Earl got up and made a speech; then Uncle Harry held up papa and he made a speech.

JACK: Mary..your father got...I mean, at his own anniversary he got himself..inebriated?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Well Jack, it was such a gay party..somebody sneaked in and spiked the punch with bourbon.

JACK: No kidding, do you know who did it?

MARY: Yeah, Papa...And Jack, you should have been there to see my sister Babe...She's very fashionable now..She's got that new look.

JACK: It's a shame she's ~~she's~~ got those old parts.

MARY: No, she ^{really} looks good. In fact she got her old boy friend back...You remember, Herman Holmquist.

JACK: Oh sure...^{Herman} ~~she's~~...Was he at the party, too?

MARY: No, he couldn't make it..he had to work.

JACK: Well, there's one good thing about Herman, he's a steady worker..and that's what Babe wants, ^{you know} stability...Say there's no chance of Herman ever losing his job, is there?

MARY: Of course not, there'll always be garbage.

JACK: Oh yeah...well, maybe it was better he didn't go to the party...When did you get back from Plainfield, Mary?

MARY: Thursday night...I was just in time for Claudette Colbert's birthday party...How come you weren't there, Jack?

(REVISED)

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JACK: Well, I was invited..but I felt kind of tired, so I stayed home and played gin rummy with Norman Krasna.

MARY: Norman Krasna.

MEL: (DOES WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH ENDING WITH PARROT SQUAWK)

JACK: Polly, I'm warning you....One more interruption and I won't take you to see "Forever Amber". You know Mary, I kind of wish I could have gone back to....Mary what are you doing?

MARY: I'm reading this letter from your doctor.

JACK: Oh, that...it was just..

MARY: Why Jack, so that's why you couldn't go to Claudette's party.

JACK: That letter was sent here by mistake...My goodness.

ROCH: (COMING IN) SAY BOSS, I WAS CLEANING UP YOUR BEDROOM AND I FOUND MR. RONALD COLMAN'S HAT

JACK: Oh..take it back to him ^{later} ~~the next morning~~

~~ROCH: I MEANT TO TELL YOU BOSS...IN THE MORNING MR. COLMAN TOLD ME THAT YOUR MATTRESS WAS MUCH TOO HARD.~~

MARY: Jack, what was Ronald Colman's hat doing in your bedroom?

JACK: Oh, ~~that's why you couldn't go to Claudette's party.~~..It's a long story, but Ronnie and Benita spent the whole night here.

ROCH: I MEANT TO TELL YOU BOSS...IN THE MORNING MR. COLMAN TOLD ME THAT YOUR MATTRESS WAS MUCH TOO HARD.

JACK: Well, what did he expect..goose feathers.

ROCH: NO...BUT HE DIDN'T EXPECT SILVER DOLLARS EITHER.

JACK: Hmnnnnnn. '

ROCH: AND NOT ONLY THAT, HE SAID THE MATTRESS WAS LUMPY, TOO.

MARY: Fort Knox should have lumps like that.

JACK: Yeah.

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER

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ATX01 0310205

JACK: Rochester, answer the door, will you please? I still can't understand what happened last week. ^{Mary} Ronald Colman called and invited me over to his house for a costume party and when I got there there was no party at all...As a matter of fact, they sneaked out the back door, came over here and went to sleep.

DENNIS: Something wrong, Mr. Benny?

JACK: No no, Dennis...it's nothing that would interest you...What brings you over here, kid?

DENNIS: Well, I phoned Miss Livingstone's house and her maid told me she was over here...Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello Dennis, did you want to see me?

DENNIS: Uh huh...You know, I sure missed you Mary...I thought about you every single day while you were gone.

MARY: Really?

DENNIS: Yeah...you went off with the keys to my car.

MARY: Oh, I'm sorry ^{Dennis}. I have them in my purse.

JACK: Mary, how come you have the keys to Dennis' car?

MARY: Well, Dennis took me to a football game and I had to drive because...

JACK: Dennis..Dennis, stop reading that letter...its from my doctor.

DENNIS: Why are you keeping it a secret? You should be very happy.

JACK: Dennis, don't be silly. That's a mistake.

DENNIS: But the letter says...

JACK: I don't care what the letter says..it's impossible.

DENNIS: Oh yeah...you're not even married.

JACK: Yes, yes, I'm glad you figured it out.

MARY: Say Jack are we gonna rehearse the program this afternoon like we always do?

JACK: No Mary, I put it off till tomorrow. I have to go down to the Motor Vehicle Bureau and have my driver's license renewed. It expired over a month ago.

MARY: But Rochester does all the driving, why do you need a license?

JACK: Well, I like to have one with me...When I go to a bar they always ask me if I'm over twenty-one....Anyway, Dennis, we'll.....Mary, put down that vase!...Dennis, we'll have our rehearsal tomorrow. But as long as you're here you can let me hear your song now.

DENNIS: Okay.

(INTRODUCTION TO SONG) (OVER APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG...." I WISH I DIDN'T LOVE YOU SO")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That's a very good song, Dennis..and your voice is better than ever.

DENNIS: Yeah, that's too bad.

JACK: What ?

DENNIS: If I didn't always have to keep singing on your Sunday Show and my show Wednesday, I'd be a great actor.

JACK: Oh sure, sure..I suppose you'd be another Edward G. Robinson or a..or a Ronald Colman.

DENNIS: (AS COLMAN) It was awfully nice of you to say that, old fellow.

JACK: Oh stop with those silly imitations, Dennis. You don't sound like Colman at all.

DENNIS: Well, you thought so last week when I called you and invited you to a party, you went.

JACK: What?...Dennis ^{Dennis boy,} you...you were the one that called me and disguised your voice like Ronald Colman you..you did that?...Dennis, answer me..answer me!

MARY: Jack, take your foot out of his mouth!

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry..Dennis..Dennis, how could you do a thing like that to me..

~~.....~~

~~.....~~

~~.....~~

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ATX01 0310208

JACK: ~~.....~~...I realize
now what a fool I made myself last week...I don't blame
Ronnie for being mad at me...I better call him up and
apologize...

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..FIVE DIALS..BUZZING..
RECEIVER UP)

ERIC: The Ronald Colman residence.

JACK: Hello..is Mr. Colman there?

ERIC: Who shall I say is calling ?

JACK: Jack Benny.

ERIC: One moment, please..

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) You know, I feel better already. I'll
explain everything to Ronnie, he'll understand, we'll
be friends again. After all we do have so much in --

ERIC: Hello.

JACK: Hello, Ronnie ?

ERIC: This is the butler again, sir.

JACK: Well, did you tell Mr. Colman that I'm on the phone ?

ERIC: Yes sir, and it's the first time he ever hit me.

JACK: Hit you ? What's come over him ?

ERIC: I don't know, sir, but when I mentioned your name, he
screamed, "Jack Benny! Jack Benny!" and then he mumbled
something about dropping dead.

JACK: Well never mind, I'll just write a note and stick it in
his laundry bundle..Goodbye.

ERIC: Goodbye, sir.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: What happened, Jack ?

JACK: Nothing nothing..Ronnie wasn't in.
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~~JACK: [REDACTED] enough~~

~~the [REDACTED]~~

~~JACK: [REDACTED]~~

~~MEL: [REDACTED]~~

~~JACK: [REDACTED]~~

~~MEL: [REDACTED]~~

~~JACK: [REDACTED]~~

~~[REDACTED]~~

JACK: ~~[REDACTED]~~..Dennis, I can't get over it..How in the world
could you think of ^{*pulling a trick*} ~~[REDACTED]~~ like that?

DENNIS: Well, I don't want to take all the credit, Mr. Benny.
Phil Harris helped me think of it.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: In fact, it was his idea.

JACK: Phil ^{*Phil Harris*} so it was Phil who put you up to it...Let me at that
phone again..

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..DIALING...)

JACK: (OVER DIALING) I'll fix him..

(SOUND: BUZZING..RECEIVER UP)

MEL: (MOOLEY) Duh...Phil Harris's residence, Algernon the
butler speaking.

JACK: (TO SELF) Butler? Phil has a butler?

MEL: And why not, he's got two shows, you know.

JACK: I know, I know..Let me talk to Mr. Harris.

MEL: Okay, okay..keep your shoit on.

JACK: Hum ^{*some butler*} What I'm going to tell Phil is plenty.

(SOUND: BUZZ...RECEIVER UP)

BEA: Mr. Harria's social secretary speaking.

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JACK: How do you like that..a bulter and a social secretary..
having two shows has certainly gone to his head...Put Mr.
Harris on the phone, please.

BEA: Just a minute, I'll tell Sabu to stop fanning him.

JACK: Sabu? Look, tell Mr. Harris I want to talk to him.

BEA: Okay..HEY, MAHARAJA, GET UP OFF THAT PERSIAN RUG, YOU'RE
WANTED ON THE PHONE.

PHIL: (LITTLE OFF) Okay...Alice, you can take off that veil
and stop dancing.

JACK: How do you like a guy like that..

PHIL: Hello.

JACK: Phil, this is Jack.

PHIL: Oh, hi ya, Jackson..what kind of a vitamin pill is
holding you up today ?

JACK: Never mind that, there's something I want to talk to you
about.

PHIL: What is it ?

JACK: Phil, did you put Dennis up to playing that trick on me
last week ?

PHIL: Oh, you found out about it ? Ha ha ha ha...pretty good,
eh Jackson.

JACK: Pretty good ? Let me tell you something...

PHIL: I knew when we did it that you'd appreciate the humor
behind it.

JACK: Look Phil...

PHIL: You're the kind of man who can recognize the basic
fundamentals of ^{satirical} ~~satirical~~ comedy.

JACK: Phil...

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PHIL: When it comes to a sophisticated situation that provokes mirth and laughter, you're the very first to perceive it's true value.

JACK: Look, Phil, you can't pull the wool over my...

PHIL: Which is as it should be because you're not only a great artist, but a dynamic scintillating personality.

JACK: I am? ...Phil....

PHIL: Yes sir...that's why the name Jack Benny is regarded by Millions of people as the ultimate in the field of entertainment.

JACK: Well...Phil, it was awfully nice of you to call me. I *certainly* appreciate it.

PHIL: That's okay..Goodbye, Jackson.

JACK: Goodbye, Philsy..OH PHIL, PHIL, I'VE GOT THE MOST WONDERFUL NEWS TO...Oh, I keep forgetting that letter was sent here by mistake...Goodbye, Phil.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: You know, Mary, that Phil is such a sweet guy.

MARY: I thought you were going to bawl him out.

JACK: Mary, I'm too big for that. *I mean* I'm the kind of man who can recognize the basic fundamentals of *satirical* ~~satirical~~ comedy.

MARY: Jack, is that your head, or is your nose stuck on some Bubaloon ?

JACK: It's my head and put down that pin...Now come on with me, Mary..I've gotta go down town and get my driver's license.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

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ATX01 0310212

JACK: Hey, here comes Don Wilson...Don, what's the matter with you....you're trembling.

DON: Oh Jack, I just had the most terrible experience...it was horrible....A woman tried to commit suicide.

JACK: Suicide, how?

DON: I was walking down the street and she threw herself in front of me.

JACK: No!

DON: Fortunately, I stepped over her.

JACK: Don, with your stomach, ~~how would you know?~~

DON: ~~.....~~Well, I hope I'm not late for rehearsal.

JACK: Oh Don...I should have called you. We're not rehearsing until tomorrow, because I have to go and get my drivers license renewed.

DON: Well, Jack, this whole thing only takes a minute and we might as well rehearse the commercial while I have the quartet here.

JACK: ~~Oh, the Sportsmen~~ where are they?

DON: Right behind me.

JACK: Oh, oh, hello, fellows.

QUART: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: You know boys, you shouldn't always be walking behind Don. ~~mean~~ ^{you} You're getting pale, need a little sunshine.... Look Don I'm really in a hurry...can't we...

DON: Jack, it'll only take a minute.

JACK: Oh all right...What is this number you've got.

DON: It's a song called "I Believe."

y

~~JACK: [REDACTED]~~

JACK: Well good, good, let's hear it.

DON: Okay...Now boys, remember what I told you...Just do the first chorus. I don't think Mr. Benny will like the second one.

JACK: Yes, yes, I don't like it when it gets silly...Tell them to go ahead, Don.

DON: All right...Take it boys!

Y
Y

(INTRO TO "I BELIEVE")

QUART: I BELIEVE, I BELIEVE,
I BELIEVE IN WISHING WELLS,
AND I ALSO BELIEVE IN A LOT OF THINGS
THINGS THE DAISY TELLS.

I BELIEVE, I BELIEVE,
I BELIEVE IN LUCKY STRIKE
LSM, LSM, LSMFT

THAT'S THE SMOKE FOR WE.

IT'S FINE TOBACCO

AND IT COMES FROM WAY DOWN SOUTH.

BUT BEFORE YOU LIGHT IT,

YOU SHOULD PUT IT IN YOUR MOUTH.

F. E. BOONE, F. E. BOONE,

F. E. BOONE AND SPEEDY RIGGS.

TAKE A TIP, TAKE A TIP,

FROM THE MAN WHO KNOWS

IT'S AS PLAIN AS THE FACE ON DURANTE'S NOSE

L S M F T..YES! THAT'S THE SMOKE FOR WE. JACK: Say, that's

swell.

JACK: Say, that's
cute.

JACK: Well, that's
logical.

QUART: I BELIEVE,
ONE: YES SIR!
QUART: I BELIEVE,
ONE: YOU BET!
QUART: I BELIEVE IN LUCKY STRIKE.
L S M, L S M, L S M F T,
THAT'S THE SMOKE FOR WE.
N O B, (NOB), N O B, (NOB)
N O B Q R L G
L S M, L S M, L S M F T,
T U X Y Z.
L U C K Y, S T R I K E S,
THAT MEANS FINE TOBACCO
I BELIEVE IT IS THE BEST.
L S M (LSM) L S M (LSM)
L S M F F F T
THEY'RE SO ROUND AND SO FIRM
AND SO FULLY PACKED
MADE OF THAT LIGHT
OF THAT MILD TERBAC
ASK THE MEN WHO KNOW
FOR THEY BELIEVE IT'S SO.

JACK: Don..

DON: I told them not to do it..

Boys, this is the part Mr.
Benny doesn't like.

JACK: Yes, I don't want the
~~first~~ *second chorus.*

DON: He doesn't want the patter.

JACK: ...Don..Don.

DON: Boys..

JACK: Don..

DON: Boys..

JACK: Tell them to stop.

DON: Fellows, you better stop.

JACK: Fellows, wait a minute.

DON: Wait a minute.

JACK: Wait a minute.

DON: Wait a minute!

DON & JACK: WAIT A MINUTE!!!

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RTX01 0310216

JACK: Don...Don...Humphrey Pennyworth..Don..

~~BEN: [REDACTED]~~

~~JACK: [REDACTED]~~

~~[REDACTED]~~

~~[REDACTED]~~

Oh, I can't stand them any...
JACK: ^ ~~[REDACTED]~~...Come on Mary, I've gotta get down town.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Here it is, Mary...Department of Motor Vehicles.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS, CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN, FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Oh, here's the girl over here taking application.

BEA: Can I help you, sir?

JACK: Yes, I came here about my driver's license.

BEA: My, how'd you ever think of this place?

JACK: Well, you were recommended by some pedestrians..This is one of the places they told me to go...Now Miss, my license has expired, and I want to get a new one.

BEA: All right..Your name?

JACK: Jack Benny.

BEA: (TO SELF) Name...Jack Benny...Sex..Male...

MARY: Yeah, but they had him worried this morning.

JACK: Mary.

BEA: What's your height?

JACK: Five feet ten.

BEA: Weight?

JACK: One fifty-seven.

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ATX01 0310217

BEA: Hair?

MARY: A dollar ninety-eight.

JACK: Mary, it cost more than -- She doesn't mean that, she means the color...Miss, my hair is sort of a palomino gray.

BEA: Oh yes..I notice you're wearing it side-saddle.

JACK: Hmmm.

BEA: Your eyes?

JACK: Lazy lagoon blue...but this suit I'm wearing doesn't do them justice. (SILLY LAUGH)

BEA: All right...take this application and get in line at window three for your eye test.

JACK: Thank you..Come on Mary, I gotta go to window three.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

NELSON: YES SIR, RIGHT OVER HERE, YOU'RE NEXT.

JACK: Thank you..This is my eye test, isn't it?

NELSON: Yes..Now can you read the third line on that chart?

JACK: ...Not very well without my glasses.

NELSON: Can you read the second line?

JACK: Oh yes, yes..It says --

NELSON: Would you mind taking a step back?

JACK: Not at all, why?

NELSON: You're supposed to be at least one foot away from the chart.

JACK: Oh, oh yes, I did creep up a little too close there.

NELSON: Now can you still read that second line?

JACK: Yes..That's... A..L..X..R..B.

NELSON: You're wrong..That's one, three seven, six, nine.

mb

ATX01 0310218

JACK: That's funny, my making such a glaring mistake..Maybe I ought to put on my glasses..There..Is it all right to drive a car wearing glasses ?

NELSON: Oh sure, I wear 'em too..In fact I think I'll put mine on.

JACK:Say, the rims on your glasses are just like mine.

NELSON: So they are...Now looking at the same chart I want you to...SAY, YOU'RE RIGHT..THAT IS A,L,X,R,B.

JACK: That's funny..Now it looks like one, three, seven, six, nine to me.

MARY: You're both wrong, it says "Uncle Sam wants You."

JACK: Oh yes..Now what do I do next ?

NELSON: You have to take your road test. Go right through that door to the street.

JACK: Thank you..come on, Mary...

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

ELLIOT: WHO TAKES THE NEXT DRIVING TEST ?

JACK: I DO...Mary, you wait here, I'll be back in a minute.

ELLIOT: Follow me.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I hope I won't be nervous, I haven't driven in an awfully long time....This is my car right here.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS)

ELLIOT: Now before we start, I want to find out how much you know about a car.

JACK: Yes sir.

ELLIOT: Where is your gasoline tank ?

JACK: In the rear.

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ATX01 0310219

ELLIOT: Your gas line?

JACK: Under the chassis.

ELLIOT: Your guage?

JACK: Thirty-eight.

ELLIOT: What?

JACK: Oh, I thought you said my age...The guage is on the dashboard.

ELLIOT: All right, Mr. Benny, start the car.

JACK: Yes sir.

(SOUND: LOUSY CAR STARTING WITH MEL DOING COUGHING
BIT...MOTOR DIES...)

JACK: Hmm..The motor must be cold.

ELLIOT: Shall I crawl underneath and light a can of Sterno?

JACK: No, no..I'll try it again.

(SOUND: LOUSY CAR STARTING...MEL COUGING...MOTOR
FINALLY CATCHES AND KEEPS RUNNING)

JACK: Well, we're running along smoothly now...Is there anything in particular you'd like me to do?

ELLIOT: Yes, get off the sidewalk.

JACK: Oh, oh pardon me.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP AND TIRES GO OVER CURB)

JACK: ~~He's o.k. now.~~ *He's o.k. now.*

(SOUND: MOTOR UP AND DOWN)

~~JACK: [REDACTED]~~

~~ELLIOT: [REDACTED]~~

~~[REDACTED]~~

~~JACK: [REDACTED]~~

~~[REDACTED]~~

~~JACK: [REDACTED]~~

~~([REDACTED])~~

JACK: I want you to know that I can really drive better than this,
but I'm a little nervous with an inspector in the car.

ELLIOT: I understand..Now try and keep your mind on your driving, Mr.
Benny.

JACK: I will.

ELLIOT: You see that big truck in front of you?

JACK: Which one?

(SOUND: TERRIFIC CRASH OF CARS)

ELLIOT: THAT ONE.

JACK: Hmmm.

ELLIOT: You can take your head out of the windshield now.

JACK: Look inspector, I can explain the whole thing..It's just
that--

MEL: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, CAN'T YOU SEE WHERE YOU'RE GOING,
YOU DUMB OX?

JACK: WHAT?

MEL: YOU HEARD ME..I'VE GOTTA GOOD NOTION TO HAUL OFF AND--

BEA: HIT 'EM, DRIVER.

ARTIE: YEAH, SLUG 'IM.

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JACK: Now wait a minute..wait a minute, driver...we ought to be ashamed of ourselves, standing here arguing when at our feet lies a poor little dog...Come here, puppy..up into my arms...Were you hurt bad?

BEA: Say, he's a nice guy.

ARTIE: Yeah, anybody that loves dogs is okay with me.

JACK: Poor little puppy.

MEL: You know, bud, you really are a nice guy. I had you all wrong..and I'm sorry I flew off the handle.

JACK: It's all right.

MEL: I'll see that my insurance company fixes up your car.

JACK: Thanks...Come on, puppy, let's go home now.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: JACK, JACK..I JUST HEARD A CRASH..ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

JACK: Yes, I'm fine...Come on, let's get out of here.

MARY: Okay..but I thought maybe...Jack, what's that you've got cuddled up in your arms?

JACK: My toupay...Come on, Mary, let's get out of here...Come on.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

NOVEMBER 16, 1947

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

Don: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first...
RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

LAING: And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: IS - MFT

LAING: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco is what counts in a cigarette. Remember what happens at the tobacco auctions?

RIGGS: (CHANT .. 57 to 59 .. FAST SALES .. FADING QUICKLY TO BACKGROUND NOISE)

LAING: Year after year, at market after market, independent tobacco experts can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.
(CHANT UP 59 .. AMERICAN AND OUT FAST)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS .. THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. Percy Joyner, independent tobacco auctioneer of Louisburg, North Carolina, sold 26 million pounds of tobacco leaf in one season alone. Not long ago, he said:

VOICE: At all the auctions I've ever attended, I've seen the makers of Luckies buy really fine tobacco ... ripe, mild leaf that makes a grand smoke. That's why I've been a Lucky Strike smoker for 16 years.

(MORE)

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NOVEMBER 16, 1947

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

LAING: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment -
remember....

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so smoke that
smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike.

RUYSDAEL: Yes, next time you buy cigarettes ask for Lucky
Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so
free and easy on the draw.

(REVISED)

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(TAG)

JACK: Well, Mary, I'm sure glad I got my driver's license...For
awhile there I thought that----

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Excuse me.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello...Eddie Cantor?...Oh, hello Eddie...Yes, I'll be on
your show Thursday.....By the way, how's Ida?^{Good}...How's
Marilyn?How's Janet?....How's Edna?...How's Natalie?...
How's Marjorie?....How's Sam?....Eddie, Eddie, don't get
excited, I just threw him in to make you feel good....Yes yes,
I'll see you Thursday...Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

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